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rare. It is remarkable that they are very seldom met with in the possession of individuals, but with few exceptions, are to be found in royal and public collections.

In our National Gallery are five pictures by Correggio. Two are studies of angels' heads, which, as they are not found in any of the existing frescoes, are supposed to have formed part of the composition in the San Giovanni, which, as already related, was destroyed. The other three are among his most celebrated works. The first, Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the presence of Venus, is an epitome of all the qualities which characterize the oil-painter; that peculiar smiling grace which is the expression of a kind of Elysian happiness, and that flowing outline, that melting softness of tone, which are quite illusive. "Those who may not perfectly understand what artists and critics mean when they dwell with rapture on Correggio's wonderful *chiaro-scuro*, should look well into this picture. They will perceive that in the painting of the limbs they can look through the shadows into the substance, as it might be into the flesh and blood; the shadows seem mutable, accidental, and aerial, as if between the eye and the colors, and not incorporated with them. In this lies the inimitable excellence of Correggio.

This picture was painted for Federigo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. It was brought to England in 1529, when the Mantua Gallery was bought by our Charles I., and hung in his apartment at Whitehall; afterwards it passed into the possession of the Duke of Alva; then, during the French invasion of Spain, Murat secured it as his share of the plunder; and his widow sold it to the Marquess of Londonderry, from whom it was purchased by the nation. The *Ecce Homo* was purchased at the same time. It is chiefly remarkable for the fine head of the Virgin, who faints with anguish on beholding the suffering and degradation of her Son; the dying away of sense and sensation under the influence of mental pain is expressed with admirable and affecting truth. The rest of the picture is, perhaps, rather feeble, and the head of Christ not to be compared to one crowned with thorns which is in the possession of Lord Cowper, nor with another in the Bridgewater collection. The third picture is a small but most exquisite Madonna, known as the *Vierge au Panier*, from the little basket in front of the picture. The Virgin, seated, holds the infant Christ on her knee, and looks down upon him with the fondest expression of maternal rapture, while he gazes up in her face. Joseph is seen in the background. This, though called a Holy Family, is a simple, domestic scene; and Correggio probably in this, as in other instances, made the original study from his wife and child. Another picture in our gallery ascribed to Correggio, the Christ on the Mount of Olives, is a very fine old copy, perhaps a duplicate, of an original picture now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In the gallery of Parma are five of the most important and beautiful pictures of Correggio. The most celebrated is that called the St. Jerome. It represents the saint presenting to the Virgin and Child his translation of the Scriptures, while on the other side the Magdalen bends down and kisses with devotion the feet of the infant Saviour.

The Dresden Gallery is also rich in pictures of Correggio. It contains six pictures, of which four are large altar-pieces, bought out of churches in Modena. Among these is the famous picture of

the Nativity, called the *Notte*, or *Night*, of Correggio, because it is illuminated only by the unearthly splendor which beams round the head of the infant Saviour; and the still more famous Magdalen, who lies extended on the ground intently reading the Scriptures. No picture in the world has been more universally admired and multiplied, through copies and engravings, than this little picture.

In the Florentine Gallery are three pictures. One of these is the Madonna on her knees, adoring with ecstasy her infant, who lies before her on a portion of her garment.

In the Louvre are two of his works—the Marriage of St. Catherine, and the Antique, painted for the Duke of Mantua.

In the Naples Gallery there are three; one of them a most lovely Madonna, called, from the peculiar head-dress, the Zingarella, or Gypsy.

In the Vienna Gallery are two; and at Berlin three—among them the Io and the Leda.

There is in the British Museum a complete collection of engravings after Correggio.

Correggio had no school of painting, and all his authentic works, except his frescoes, were executed solely by his own hand. In the execution of his frescoes he had assistants, but they could hardly be called his pupils. He had, however, a host of imitators, who formed what has been called the School of Parma, of which he is considered the head. The most famous of these imitators was Francesco Mazzola.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

Paris has been a good deal amused by a quarrel between two actresses of the Varieties Theatre, both of whom are much more celebrated in the "bye-world" than in the dramatic world. Mlle. Schneider, whose relations with the Duke de Grammont Caderousse were so notorious, is playing Helene in "La Belle Helene." She complained that whenever she was in possession of the stage Mlle. Silly, who played Orente in the same piece, would talk and laugh, and otherwise divert the attention of the audience, and annoy her. Thereupon the stage manager gave Mlle. Silly a severe reprimand before all the company. Furious at this punishment, Mlle. Silly was alleged to have turned on Mlle. Schneider, and, in language much more appropriate to the mouth of a fishmonger at Billingsgate than a lady, unpacked her heart of its load of grievances. Mlle. Silly, upon seeing this allegation in the newspapers, addressed the following letter to them:—"Sir, you have thought proper to acquaint the public with a little altercation of an entirely private nature which took place between Mlle. Schneider and me in the green-room of the Varieties. You were not present at this amiable family scene, and, unfortunately for me, you have lent your ears to people who seem to be no friends of mine, and who, assuredly, are no friends of the truth. There is in all your narrative but one particle of truth, viz: that at the playing "La Belle Helene" by Mlle. Schneider, I ventured upon more than was set down in my part. I was wrong. I confess it. "La Belle Helene" is a serious tragedy which ought to be played seriously. I ought to have imitated my comrades who, as everybody knows, never change one word of the official text and would not for the world add one single gesture to their part. I ought especially to have made Mlle. Schneider my example, who never ventures on these liberties, whose every attitude is so reserved and so dignified, who retires to the background with so much courtesy whenever her character requires it. But, alas! sir, man is not perfect, nor woman neither, as one of my comrades says, 'tis true she is a real actress and possesses too much talent not to have a great

deal of modesty, kindness and courtesy. I forgot myself once. I was so imprudent as to think M. Meilhac's Oreste was not Racine's, and that Mlle. Schneider, though extremely disguised on Belle Helene, had a very distant likeness to Mlle. Rachel. It was a fault, and you see how sincerely I accuse myself of it; but this is the very reason why I cannot allow others to be imputed to me of which I am guiltless. You hint I apostrophized Mlle. Schneider with expressions borrowed from billingsgate. No sir; mischief makers have abused your candor. On the contrary, 'twas that Belle Helene who gratuitously showered epithets on me, which I dare not repeat, and which show only too distinctly that if she subsequently revealed herself as the daughter of the King of Kings, she was educated in her father's palace. For my part, I kept towards her that respectful pity which I owed to her age and her great fortune, which she so laboriously amassed. Maybe I did, out of sheer raillery, show her my teeth, but it really is not my fault if she was unable to give me as good as I sent. She, doubtless, has her own private reasons for preferring invectives to smiles. She throws them off like poisoned darts, but no harm came to me, for I was at some distance from, and not in front of her. It is true this quarrel costs me a part which I have played some 200 times, and not without some success; but I gain by it the advantages of not playing near her, and of no longer replying to her in front of her; the benefit is all mine. I expect from your courtesy alone the insertion of this letter. I am assured the law's officers would be delighted to lend me their services on this occasion. But I leave to artists who have had frequent discussions upon the code civil the fatigue or the delight of employing these gentlemen. I am, sir, etc., L. SILLY."

This letter appeared in an evening paper. Mlle. Silly hired the stage box of the Varieties, and affectedly spread the evening paper on the front of the box, so that Mlle. Schneider should not for a single instant during the whole performance forget the letter's existence. During the whole evening Mlle. Silly kept her double opera glass fixed on Mlle. Schneider. The latter's anger may easily be conceived. But she was so judiciously advised by her manager to take no notice of it, to the disappointment of the malicious woman, who expected avenging correspondence.

M. Alex Dumas, Jr., has read his new play to the actors of the Gymnase.

It is said M. Th. Barriere has sold his new forthcoming play, "Les Brebis Galeuses," to M. Raphael Felix—sold the right to play it in the provinces.

The reasons (there were several) which determined the Czar to suppress the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg were because the company—though composed of Mmes. Barbet, Bernadi, Fabricca, and Messrs. Tamberlick, Calzolari, Graziani, Angelini, etc.—had lost all prestige; they were paid enormously; the pieces were worn out; the new operas were not successful, and the public of St. Petersburg cared so little for the Italian opera, the receipts never exceeded \$100 a night.

Messrs. Hector, Cremieux, and Jaime, Jr., have written for the Varieties a la Vaudeville, "Une Odeur de Paris."

M. Ambroise Thomas is writing an opera buffa in 3 acts. The "book" is by Messrs. Labiche and Delacour.

M. A. Dumas, Jr.'s new piece has been distributed as follows: Baratin, Arnal; Camille, Berton; M. de Sivy, Nertann; Valmoreau, Forel; Jeannine, Mme. Delaporte; Mme. Aubray, Mme. Pasca; Lucienne, Mme. Baratand.

After a recent performance by Miss Ida Menken (who, by the way, came near being killed recently; her horse slipped down the "practicable," and came near breaking the rider's and his own neck), Mme. George Sand asked to be introduced to her; complimented the fair New Orleansian, and was delighted to find she was familiar with all her novels.

The French comedy has brought out Mons. Octave Fenillet's "Un Cas de Conscience." It was printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, some

18 months since. It is one of those *proverbes* in which the French delight. Raoul de Moriere ran off with Mme. de Themines. She died leaving a child—a girl of 15, about to leave the convent—the offspring of her illicit amour. What can he do with that child? He asks a friend, Mons. de Briou, whose wife is a model of virtue to take this daughter under his roof. Mons. de Briou consents. His wife refuses. The whole piece is a discussion between Mons. de Moriere and Mme. de Briou, one urging the reasons why she should take the poor child, the other suggesting the objections against it; at last Mme. de Briou consents.

A young Belgian songstress, Mlle. Lembele, is soon to bow before the footlights of the Theatre Lyrique.

The Ambigu is rehearsing "Le Juge de Munich" by Mons. Jules Barbier.

It was said the Italian Opera would admit nobody to its masked balls besides gentlemen and ladies. The question arose, how were the ladies to be discovered, how was the wheat to be separated from the tares? Some mischievous fellow spread the rumors in the *demi monde*, that whenever a woman appeared, her ink and paper would be presented to her, and she would be required to write the phrase dictated to her. If her orthography was correct she would be admitted. The *demi-monde* exclaimed unanimously: "Then we are done for! None of us can stand that test."

The Baroness de Maistre has just completed a grand five act opera, "Nineveh, or Sardanapale;" there are two ballets in it. The score fills 1000 MS. pages. The manager of the Grand Opera has heard one act, and promises to hear another.

M. J. Reynier is the contractor for the International Theatre of the Exhibition. The costumes, scenery, etc., will be considered as contributions to the Exhibition, and appear on its official catalogue. The costumers, scene painters, etc., will be stimulated to exert themselves.

The orchestra of the Court Opera, at Munich, have adopted the turning fork (diapason) of the Paris Conservatory.

The Gaité has brought out a posthumous drama, by Leon Gozlan, put on the stage by M. E. Plouvier. It is interesting and successful. The most amusing scene in it is laid at the Prefecture of the Police. A man in a blouse is brought up charged with being a vagabond. He was found sleeping in the gutter. "Who are you?" "I am a waker by trade." "A what-waker?" "I'm the man what's wakes the market gardeners at the great markets. My business is to pinch 'em when they sleep, and I get one sou for every market gardener I wake." "How comes it then you were found asleep?" "That's just what I was going to tell you. Sometimes I go to sleep, too—a fellow is a fellow after all, you know—so I have a deputy waker who receives half a sou every time he catches me asleep." "How comes it then he didn't wake you?" "Well, you see, a fellow is a fellow after all, and my deputy he went to sleep, too, and he's got no deputy under him to wake him when he goes to sleep, and that's how 'tis.

When M. Delaunay (who, by the way, has temporarily retired from the stage in consequence of the loss of his daughter, a charming child of nine years old, refused to play the part written for him in "Henriette Marechal," the French Comedy engaged young Delessart to play the character. Delaunay changed his mind, and Delessart did not appear until the play was done, when the Comedy allowed him to appear in "Peril en la Demeure," when he made a very satisfactory appearance. He has quit the Comedy, and has been engaged by the Vaudeville to play a part in M. Theo. Barriere's "Les Brebis Galeuses."

Mlle. Camille Davenay (the Fanfan Benoiton), has played the child's part in "Le Malade Imaginaire," at the Odeon, with great success.

The theatre of Namur has been destroyed by fire.

The annual banquet of the actors, in honor of Moliere, took place a few days since at the Trois Freres Provençaux.

The rehearsals of M. Gounod's new opera, "Roméo and Juliette," are actively prosecuted at the Theatre Lyrique.

M. Verdi has lost his father; he died at Busseto, in the 80th year of his age.

The manager of the Porte St. Martin has informed Mlle. Georges' sister she will have an annual benefit at that theatre as long as she lives, and \$500 will be guaranteed to her as its profits, which sum she may draw for monthly.

M. Strauss recently fainted while leading the masked balls of the Grand Opera; he is now better.

The Gymnase has played "Nos Bons Villageois" above 100 consecutive nights.

It is said M. Marcelin, the editor of *La Vie Parisienne*, is the author of Mlle. Silly's letter.

GAMMA.

ART MATTERS.

With the incoming of the Lenten Season, balls, parties, masquerades and other pomps and vanities will be laid aside, and the fair daughters of Japonicadom will be forced to rest upon their laurels until Easter brings back to them gaiety and the "German."

Having used their feet to good effect during the past season it might be well for them now to go to the other extreme and exercise their brains a little. No pleasanter mode can be found of accomplishing this end than by visiting the studios of our city artists, who are always happy to receive visits from the fair ones and listen to their, very often, amusing criticisms on their pictures. Not but what, now and then, one finds a member of the gentler sex who can converse quite learnedly on the subject of art and artists, interluding her talk with technicalities and quotations which somewhat astonish the painter. There is no earthly reason why the female portion of humanity should not be as well posted on art matters as the sterner sex; every opportunity is offered them, studio doors are always open to receive them, and artists are always willing to give them information, and were they but to profit by the advantages offered we would hear less ridiculous small talk and more sensible conversation in society, where, as everybody knows, the charming dears invariably take the lead in everything.

Having delivered myself of this short, but instructive, moral lecture, let us take a peep into some of the ateliers and see what there is in the way of novelty.

Edwin White has nearly finished his fine picture of "Leonardo di Vinci in his Studio," and one can now form a pretty fair estimate of its general merits. The subject is one fraught with considerable interest and must always prove so to the art student and connoisseur, embodying, as it does, a lifelike representation of the great master "in his habits as he lived," surrounded by the masterpieces of his hand and dispensing wisdom and advice to his many pupils.

In the first place, as in all of Mr. White's works, the grouping of the figures is both easy and graceful, devoid of all stiffness, natural and lifelike to the last degree. Leonardo forms the centre of the group, palette in hand, he has just turned from the portrait of Mona Lisa, on which he is engaged, to give instruction to Luini, his favorite pupil, in regard to the drawing of a cartoon which the young student is showing him; in the middle distance stands Mona Lisa, fair and

beautiful, while in the background are seen various pupils at work upon the large cartoon of the "Last Supper;" suspended from the wall, on the left, is the grand picture of the "Battle of the Standard," while scattered here and there are pupils, friends and admirers.

The composition, it will be seen, is a fine one, and Mr. White has treated it with a master hand. The portrait of Leonardo is strong, vigorous and characteristic, while the other figures are one and all treated with consummate skill. The color, too, is rich and luminous, qualities which Mr. White infuses into all his pictures, and which go a great way toward giving them that distinctive breadth and power by which they are all characterized. In the judicious use of color Mr. White takes high stand among American artists, we never find in his works tameness and artificiality, but a strength and richness which attracts the eye, both by its truth and beauty, and lends a great charm to all the products of his brush.

J. Hope has just finished a picture which he calls the "Passing Shower," a picture possessing many good individual points, but greatly lacking in the excellence of its *tout ensemble*. Mr. Hope's theory of landscape painting is undoubtedly correct in its general principles, but he carries the spirit of preraphaelitism too far to make his pictures at all times acceptable; there is a too evident display of laborious finish, a lack of feeling and *abandon* running through all, and, while one accords all praise to his patience and perseverance, there is still that want of truthfulness to nature and wealth of imagination felt in every one of the gentleman's productions that while, to a certain extent, we may admire, we can never accord to the artist entire commendation.

In the picture in question this is strongly apparent, the composition is clever, and in many places there is displayed considerable artistic skill, but for all this we feel there is something which it would be difficult to explain but which nevertheless withholds any feeling of sentiment or impressiveness which the subject, from its very grandeur, should create.

This, I think, can, to a certain extent, be accounted for. A man, to paint a thoroughly good picture, must feel his subject, must become fully and entirely imbued with it, thus the canvas becomes but the reflex of his mind, a mirror on which we see the innermost workings of his brain. Again, I firmly and candidly believe that no man can paint a really great picture who is not, to a degree, a sentimentalist—painting is but another form of poetry, and it is sheer nonsense to contend that the man whose every thought is purely practical can produce a work of art which shall impress and elevate the mind of the beholder.

Judging from his pictures, Mr. Hope possesses this poetic feeling to but a limited extent; we find in them finish, patient labor and careful study, but we do not find sentiment, impressiveness or poetry. Through all we see the conscientious, practical worker, who is working out a theory, a theory which has its good points, but art is not a theory, it is an inspiration, and until Mr. Hope can come to feel and believe this his pictures can never receive, from the candid at least, that praise which they otherwise would undoubtedly deserve.